

THE PREACHER ON THE SOAP BOX.

A Charity Carried On at the Worth Monument.

Three men who had dined well stepped out of the Hoffman House last Sunday night. Broadway was in its least attractive guise. The day had been divided between spells of heavy rain and periods of drizzle. However, the water could make a puddle in the streets it was as deep as it could be and big drops were splashing on their coats.

A carriage with a rubber-coated driver on the seat stood waiting for the diners. Two of them climbed in and the third was about to enter when he was reminded of something.

"Hold on a minute, boys," he said. "I've got to see a friend."

He turned up his collar and crossed the street.

Where the shadow of the Worth monument falls in that little section of Twenty-fifth street between Broadway and Fifth avenue a hundred men were huddled in a square. They stood as close together as they could be crowded, each in that way protecting his fellows to an extent from the rain. The drops hit all heads alike, but the man who had a comrade wedged against him on four sides was far better off than if he had stood alone.

A few feet to the east of this square stood a man on a soap box preaching to a small group of persons who had been halted by curiosity and who from under their umbrellas pulled on their cigars and divided their attention between the solid square and the preacher.

The man on the box recognized the man from the hotel and stepped down.

"Here, my friend," said the newcomer. "Here's \$5. Send forty of your men to bed."

Instantly the human square was vibrating with excitement. The preacher gave no more heed to his small audience but turned to the square. A ragged lieutenant stepped from the curb and faced the preacher and the men of the front ranks of the square crowded forward and passed one by one between the preacher and his adjutant to a clerk, who stood on the curb with a handful of red tickets.

Each man took a ticket and passed hurriedly across Madison Square to one of two lodging houses from which the preacher buys these tickets, each good for a clean bed.

When the forty had been tallied off some thirty more remained. These were now in the front ranks and later arrivals had to form behind them.

The clerk with the tickets looked quite as ragged and unkempt as the ticket-receivers. He wore a ginger-hued overcoat and wore a sad smile. His trousers were frayed and his shoes were so spread and worn and dilapidated they seemed to be sponges sucking up the wet from the pavement.

The clerk of each night's proceeding gets a ticket for his services. But he feels his position of trust and the importance of his place.

After the Hoffman House dinner had gone on in his carriage the preacher resumed his sermon to his distinguished audience. It is always on the same theme, the fellowship of humanity, that this evangelist preaches. When he came down from the soap box after concluding his sermon,

a man called him aside and handed him 30 cents.

"That will take two of your men to bed," said he.

"Three," said the evangelist, "for I'll divide it among three nickel men."

"What's a nickel man?" asked the giver.

"They are the fellows who have five cents each and come here to get the other 10 cents each for a bed. Here, you nickel men!" he cried, and three tramps pushed forward.

The evangelist motioned to the clerk who stood on the curb, his hands buried in the pockets of the ginger-colored coat.

The first of the nickel men showed five cents, which the clerk took and issued a red ticket. The second held out a bare hand. The clerk gazed steadily at him and made no move toward the deep pocket.

"I'll keep that nickel for a cup of coffee," explained the second nickel man.

"Produce!" was the hoarse command from the recesses of the ginger coat. "Produce! None of 'em!"

Police Commissioner Greene. He is not so tall as the Commissioner, but otherwise he looks much like him. He is heavier, but he has the same hair and mustache.

No sort of weather bothered him. He is safely clad in waterproof coat and galoshes, but he stands bareheaded in the rain for half an hour at a time while he addresses his transient congregation.

"I've been here thirteen years," said he, "and I haven't had a miss a night for sickness. This soap box is my pulpit. I preach no creed but that of humanity and God. I know no denomination."

I spend my days visiting the hospitals and the prisons. Every Wednesday and Sunday night I am right here. I've worn out a good many soap boxes in thirteen years and I've met a world of people.

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"I've taken care of hundreds of men on cold and rainy nights. Some might as this brings them here from all parts of New York."

"When the weather is warm or pleasant I don't get many. They can sleep in the parks. But to-night if they don't get lodging tickets here, they must walk around Madison Square Garden, where the covered walks offer protection from the rain, or hide in other protected places."

"Don't imagine that the people who gather around here at night supply money enough to take care of these lodgers. They contribute a very small part. I have my regular patrons who give the bulk of the money."

"In all the thirteen years I've preached at this spot I never got \$5 in contributions from strangers to my work. I have talked to a crowd of 400 people and collected only 70 cents from that big assemblage. The men who ask the most questions generally walk away without giving so much as a nickel."

"But men of means from all parts of town who know me and my work know they can

"No, I don't let them work me. Sometimes I've seen a fellow get a quarter from a passerby and then try to get a ticket which some other fellow without a cent should have. I spot him and put him out of line."

An incident occurred a few minutes later which illustrated this. While the evangelist was on the soap box, one of the men ran across the street and touched a pedestrian for some small change. Then he dashed back to his place.

But the clerk in the ginger coat had seen it and whispered his information to the evangelist.

"Gilt!" said the preacher, and the "ringer" passed on.

The men in the human square study the size and composition of the audience drawn by the preacher and speculate in whispers on the outcome of each sermon. When the contributor brings out his handful of silver and fingers it over every eye he gets him.

"He gave him a dollar," whispered the man in the second rank who figured that a dollar would reach him.

"Naw, it was a quarter," said a man behind him.

"He was the only fellow to give up," chirped a third.

"What? Didn't the girl give anything?" asked another joining in the discussion.

"The preacher's bed to-night," observed a man in the rear rank.

"Bad, nuthin!" cried a defender. "It's a hard night and the guys that stop ain't got much more than we've got."

Of the Sunday street evangelists the Worth Monument man is now the most conspicuous. The Subway work around City Hall Park practically destroyed the congregation that used to attend the long-haired enthusiast who spoke every Sunday afternoon from the City Hall steps. He is no longer a regular.

authorities had Hill, with whom I worked on the violin, and he was here, have as pronounced it a genuine Guarneri, and the authorities decided to give Guimonda no credit for it.

The newspapers recently reported the death of a Brooklynite who was said to be one of the oldest violin makers in the United States. That statement has moved a man who is of the fifth generation of a family of violin makers to assert that there are no violin makers in this country. The man who makes this declaration formerly worked for the late William Elmer Hill of London, who was considered to be the greatest expert on the subject of violins of his time.

"We read every little while," he said, "that some noted American violin maker is dead. Now, there aren't any violin makers in this country in the true sense of the word; at least, there are only a very few and none of them make an instrument that is really good."

"There are a good many signs bearing the words 'violin maker' outside shops in this town. I've got such a one in front of my establishment, but we don't make violins any more. There is no money in them."

"What I do and what most, if not all, of the other alleged makers do, is to import violins from the rough and timber them up, re-model and finish them and sell them as our own, with a date and label inside telling that they are of a celebrated maker."

"The last violin I made was finished about ten years ago. I kept me busy for ten days and I got only a little more than \$100 for it. But I can import from Germany a good violin in the rough for \$10, fix it up with no great amount of work and sell it for \$10. That's what these other makers do with their violins with violin repairing, which pays pretty well."

"The trouble is that we can't compete with the cheap labor of Germany. I don't suppose you could believe it, but I can buy all the violins I want in Germany for 50 cents apiece."

"Five of us different men make the parts in these foreign factories and they throw them out very fast. The workmen get paid out very fast. The workmen get paid out very fast. The workmen get paid out very fast."

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MAGYARS' HOME IN CANADA.

A BIT OF HUNGARY SETTLED IN THE FAR NORTHWEST.

Success of a Colony Twenty-five Miles From a Railroad—Hungarian Customs Preserved—Little Contact With the Outside World—Much Wheat is Raised.

In the eastern part of Assiniboia, in the very heart of Canada's great Northwest Territory, Hungarians immigrants have built up a thriving agricultural colony. They got land from the Dominion Government at a trifling cost, founded homes, have prospered and are now sending out to Hungarians in the United States and the mother country copies of a pamphlet prepared by one of the original settlers, Eljin A. Magyar, telling of the remarkable opportunities for success there and giving interesting information about the founding, growth and present conditions of the colony.

The name of the colony is Esterhaz. It is situated near the borderland of Manitoba, on a wooded plateau, which rises gradually to the north out of the valley of the Qu'Appelle River. The nearest railroad station is Whitehead, twenty-five miles to the south, on the Canadian Pacific.

The colony has a population of more than a thousand, representing 300 families, and other Hungarian settlements are fast springing up around it. It has never felt to any extent the influence which make for the quick assimilation of the foreigners in America, for the settlers come into contact with the outside world, at the most, two or three times a year, when they sell

Church and a stone parochial house, which is the finest in the settlement, a post office and two schoolhouses. The Dominion pays two-thirds of the teachers' salaries and the colonists the remainder.

The houses are, of course, scattered over a big area, but even so, the Hungarians had a pleasant life during the winter months—much pleasanter, in fact, than that of many of the large land-owning Canadians in the same region, who are completely isolated by the very extent of their own acres and have no neighbors within miles of them. For the Hungarians the church serves as a sort of common centre.

There they meet and worship and there they plan their winter entertainments and arrange for the summer's harvest. The priest is the nominal head of the community.

The colonists have no stores and provision stations of their own. They carry whatever they need from Whitehead, but that is not much, for they raise their own vegetables and live stock and, besides, during the winter months the village, with which the colony is connected, furnishes an unfailing source of supply.



THE PAROCHIAL HOUSE AT KAPOSVAR.

To make things even more comfortable in the winter, though, the settlers are planning now to build a little village in one section of the colony, near the new branch of the Canadian Pacific, which is putting in, where they may go to live during the severe weather, returning to the farms in the spring.

The absence of suitable transportation facilities is the greatest drawback which Esterhaz has to contend with now, but that objection, it is expected, will be removed before next season's grain is threshed. The construction of the new railroad, although it will destroy somewhat the distinctive influence of the colony, will increase materially the value of the land.

The principal product among the Assiniboian Hungarians is, of course, wheat



A FAMILY PARTY.

their grain or buy their winter supply of provisions. Scarcely ever visit the place.

The colony has, in fact, grown up with its own peculiar customs and practices and with its own Hungarian church and schools, and has come to be known in the Northwest as the Canadian home of the Magyar.

Esterhaz had its beginning in 1885, when four Hungarian immigrants who were exploring the Qu'Appelle Valley, ran on to the fertile plateau on the North. They were the Marquis of Lansdowne, then Governor General of Canada, and obtained from him the reservation of 125,000 acres of land for Hungarian colonization.

The following year thirty-five families, in all 150 persons, made their way overland

Last year they turned out 100,000 bushels. They also raised 40,000 bushels of oats and barley and large quantities of potatoes and vegetables. Grazing and the production of live stock also are carried on extensively.

The soil is mostly of a black or brown mould and is said to be not unlike that of the famous Hungarian wheat lands of the Banat. The climate is delightful, the summers being much like those of southern Europe, and the winters, although very cold, are dry and invigorating. Lung diseases, coughs and colds, it is said, are almost unknown in the colony.

Most of the Hungarians who come to the settlement start with scarcely a cent, working at first as farmhands. Then, as soon as they get money enough to pay the Government entry fee, buy a team of horses and a plough, they start in for themselves.



TYPE OF THE COLONY'S HOMES.

to the plateau. Each got a farm of 180 acres upon the payment to the Government of an entry fee of \$10.

Cabins were built and the clearing and cultivation of the land undertaken. The first few years at Esterhaz are said to have been years of extraordinary suffering and privation, even for pioneers of the Northwest, for the Hungarians, in their ignorance did not know how to avail themselves of the natural advantages that were offered. Many of them died during the first winter.

Their persevering efforts, however, finally gave them a foothold and ever since there has been a steady development of the colony, until now 40,000 of the 125,000 acres have been taken up. Fourteen thousand acres have been fenced and are being cultivated.

There are more than 200 households in the colony. Most of the houses are made of logs or plaster, and they are high, but all are neat and cozy and a few have even a picturesque appearance.

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AN ARMY OF 10,000 SMUGGLERS.

ATTEMPTS TO EVADE UNCLE SAM'S CUSTOM OFFICERS.

The Freights Estimated at Less Than \$100,000 a Year—San Francisco the Chief Scene of Operations—Much Smuggling Done by Sailors—Some in Land.

For a pitance averaging less than \$100 apiece a year 10,000 men are daily during winter months for the sake of smuggling imports past the custom officials of the United States.

This army of smugglers, according to the Washington official who furnished the data given here, is made up of sailormen who are largely employed to bring the goods to ports, small boatmen who meet the ships when in sight of port and pick up the tarpaulin-covered cases thrown overboard, fences in all the more important ports of entry, and many a tobacco and liquor dealer both on the land and the other side of the Atlantic, whose lines of goods are those chiefly smuggled.

These men engage in smuggling pure and simple. They have nothing to do with getting undervalued goods through the custom houses. They make their wits against those of the customs officials for every cent there is in the game, and they earn anything less.

But beyond a few thousands of the miles of seaboard of the United States, the best that the smugglers can do is to cheat the Government out of considerably less than one-half of 1 per cent. of the total amount of duties annually levied and collected.

Small as this \$1,000,000 income when compared with the \$100,000,000 duties on \$1,000,000,000 worth of imports, that sum is eventually diminished one-fourth by the unceasing vigilance of the customs department, so that if the net profits of smuggling—some \$100,000 in all—are equally divided among the smugglers, none of them would get so much as \$100 for his services a year.

The smuggler has to bludge Uncle Sam's system of customs espionage, both here and abroad, by making his calling more hazardous the longer he sticks to it. Indeed, so closely watched is the port of New York in these days that even the innocent customs officer twice twice before attempting to do business here. As a result, much of the smuggling trade has been transferred with the past year to San Francisco, and that port has laid to rest its old-time smuggling records that will admit of its comparing with New York's.

Until recently the smuggling in of Sumatra tobacco from Holland was carried on almost wholly at New York. Now, owing to increasing detection, arrests and convictions the smugglers of Sumatra are concentrating through San Francisco.

This tobacco is shipped in what are called barrels. The barrels are laid one upon the other and tied together in bundles weighing about two pounds or one kilogram. This constitutes a load.

The Dutch sailors who are employed to smuggle them, shove the barrels where they can, often in huge keels, and then the men in the keels shove them round making port they avoid their

chance, wrap the hands around their bodies and then slip ashore and dispose of them to one of the many fences with whom they are acquainted.

The fence is generally a sailorman's saloon-keeper. The money he pays out for the smuggled goods he can usually count upon getting back over his bar. But sometimes the sailorman grows tired of this sort of game and turns on the fence, as in the following case.

A dozen sailormen of a certain ship brought over about \$500 worth of Sumatra tobacco in the coal bunkers. They were wrapped around their bodies a little at a time for several nights and carried to a fence.

On the night that the last of the tobacco was sold to the fence—about \$100 worth—a group of sailors managed to secure the man's ear and hold his attention in his bar-room while their fellows sneaked upstairs and discovered the tobacco stored in a dingy room over the saloon. They lost the man in climbing through the transom and robbing the purchaser. Then they took the tobacco to a rival fence and sold it there.

This little story came to the knowledge of the customs detectives when, a short time after it happened, the tobacco was stolen, fence from whom the tobacco was stolen, and the prisoner, as he related his misfortune, increased the merit of his capture by his capture by the customs officials for every cent there is in the game, and they earn anything less.

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